The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY, THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD. — *James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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ABT VOGLER.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared;
Gone! and the good tears start, the praises that come too slow;
For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he feared,
That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.
Never to be again! But many more of the kind
As good, nay, better perchance: is this your comfort to me?
To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind
To the same, same self, same love, same God: aye, what was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but thee, the ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.
All we have willed or hoped or dreamed, of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that he heard it once: we shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence
For the fulness of the days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in, but that harmony should be prized?
Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe:
But God has a few of us whom he whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome: 'Tis we musicians know.

—*Robert Browning.*

SIMPLE RELIGION AND MORE OF IT.

"Thy kingdom come."
"On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

As the summer has passed, I have been almost eager to stand here again, to try to say something upon the appeal which the whole country makes for simpler proclamation of religion.

I believe that at this moment I should have preferred to speak to you, friends as you all are to me, on some more personal matters, such as great grief, which I know you share with me, suggests. But I will hold to the purpose I formed three months since: that, if we lived to meet here in October, I would put into a few words what I see more and more every hour, of our national need. I will speak on the people's need of more religion for the running of our machinery, and this, very simple religion.

I will speak on their eager wish for more religion. I will also say something on the possibilities of meeting this wish.

I believe the duty of you younger people, who have the country to care for in the next fifty years, is to see that it has more religion in its life than it has had. This enlargement of life is to be sought by common sense, by every-day methods, and not by ecclesiastical forms.

In a word, we will take the text as representing two necessities for this nation, simpler religion and more.

When I state this need in conversation, I am immediately told that church attendance does not show it. I am told that, if I counted the people in the Boston churches, even, Sunday morning, afternoon, and evening, I should find room for as many more as choose to enter. I am told that the Sunday excursions of steamers and electrics show that people's thoughts do not turn to religion. I am told that men would rather read the Sunday newspaper than meet at any place of worship. I am told that in every large city there appears a steady disposition to open the theatre on Sunday nights,—first for sacred music, then for what is called secular music, then for any theatrical performance. Such signs of the times are supposed to indicate indifference to religion.

On the other side, I have been observing demonstrations of eagerness for religion, if only it be not ecclesiastical,—not what men call "cut-and-dried,"—as remarkable as Bernard ever saw, or Peter the Hermit or Wesley or Whitefield.

The simpler the religious appeal which is made to the people, the more eagerly will that people respond to the church appeals on Sunday. I certainly do not advise and I do not propose that Sunday shall be abandoned for the purpose of making Monday and Tuesday more religious than they are. As with the cathedral, so with the day: the more earnest the religion of the week day, the more satisfying will be the formal service of Sunday.

Let us remember, then, first, second, and last, that the bringing in the kingdom of God is our purpose and our aim. Let us determine highly that we will bring in the kingdom of God in the ways of our own time, and we will not attempt to restrict men by any historical precedents or by the vanity of preserving antiquarian superstitions. Take the single parallel of war, terrible and tragic. War—what was it in the days of Dante or in the days of Sismondi's Republics? It was but a conventional attack by one handful of men, well protected by their armor, against another handful of men well protected by their armor, who, after a skirmish here, an attack there, and a counter-attack, this repulse or that advance, in a mechanical and formal way agreed, you might say, that one party had beaten and that the other party was defeated. Compare this fooling in the face of each other, of two delegated sets of manufactured soldiers, with the uprising of a nation of men at the North and another nation of men at the South, in the Civil War, when a great question was to be arbitrated by the great fate of battle. You had just the same illustration when the people of Germany moved as they moved in the days of Arminius and Germanicus, for what they supposed to be the rights of Germany and her honor. The chief-of-staff of Count Rochambeau said of America, after he had passed half a dozen times between Newport and Virginia, "I may say here once for all that I never met an American of an age to carry arms who had not served against George the Third." That is the modern way. We do not entrust our vital interests to a handful of men, however scholarly—nay, however pure or however godly. It is a personal relation with God which we are talking about, a relation which is not to be entrusted to proxies or to attorneys. We want to know how we are to seek God and to find him. We want to know how God is to find us and inspire us. This people is to live and move and have its being in its God.

For such an uprising of the people, to assert the simplicity of religion and the necessity of religion, it is idle to prescribe the methods of the classes. And I have said the whole when I have said that that people, and you and I who belong to that people, must keep our end in sight. We must know what it is for which we pray, for which we resolve, for which we unite, or for which we work alone. We must know that a man's first duty is not to train himself: no, it is not to save his own soul, and it is not in any sort to live as if he were alone. A man's first object is to bring in the kingdom of God. This is his second object, this is his constant purpose. First, second, and last, he will live with God for the coming of God's kingdom. This is what more and more we are all finding out. It is what was written down for us in the beginning, when the saint said, "Ye are all kings and all priests." The hope was given when the Saviour said, "Ye shall all be perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." And the wish is ex-

pressed in the first words of his own prayer, which are the central words of all prayer,—"Thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE STILL HOUR.

GALILEE'S WATERS.

Once upon the heaving ocean
Rode a bark at eventide;
While the waves in wild commotion,
Dashed against the vessel's side;
Jesus, sleeping on a pillow,
Heeded not the raging billow;
While the winds were all abroad,
Calmly slept the Son of God.

In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful ones awoke their Lord.
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calmed the tempest with a word.
On Life's dark and restless ocean,
'Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there,
He will make you still his care.

Jesus knows your silent weeping
When before his throne you bow.
Never, never, is he sleeping
Where he reigns in glory now.
If the world be dark before thee,
If the billows rolling o'er thee,
All thy soul with terrors fill,
Hear him saying, "Peace, be still."

—*From Mary S. B. Dana's "Southern Harp."*

The same everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will take care of you to-morrow and every day. Either he will shield you from suffering, or he will give you unfailing strength to bear it. Be at peace, then, and put aside all anxious thoughts and imaginations.—*Francis de Sales.*

Be not anxious about little things if thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all. Act upon faith in little things; commit thy daily cares and anxieties to him; and he will strengthen thy faith for any greater trials. *E. B. Pusey.*

If we know of a kind act which we might, but do not, intend to perform, if we be aware that our moral health requires the abandonment of some pleasure which yet we do not intend to abandon, here is cause enough for the loss of all spiritual power.—*F. P. Cobbe.*

The Divine Wisdom has given us prayer, not as a means whereby to obtain the good things of earth, but as a means whereby we learn to do without them; not as a means whereby we escape evil, but as a means whereby we become strong to meet it.—*F. W. Robertson.*

That life is most holy in which there is least of petition and desire, and most of waiting upon God; that in which petition most often passes into thanksgiving. Pray till prayer makes you forget your wish, and leave it or merge it in God's will.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Partakers of the divine nature, resting in that perfect All-in-all in whom our nature is eternal too, we walk without fear, full of hope and courage and strength to do his will, waiting for the endless good which he is always giving as fast as he can get us able to take it in.—*G. MacDonald.*

In the future here is our hope, our effort, our prayer, that men may walk with God as they have never done. He will reveal himself to them as they have never seen him or heard him. The humanity of God, the divinity of men assert themselves. And, lo! his kingdom comes, and earth becomes a part of heaven.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Miss Edith S. Tilden, 55 White Street, Milton, Mass., offers the following: "Travels in the Chinese Empire," M. Huc; "Sketches of China," J. F. Davis; "The Attaché at Peking," Mitford; "Korea and her Neighbors," J. B. Bishop; "The Web of Indian Life" (Hindu), Nivedita; "A Ride to Khiva," Burnaby; "The Great Sahara," Tristram; "Brazil and the Brazilians," Kidder and Fletcher; "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula in 1810"; "The Heart of the Empire" (British), several authors; "Sociology," collection of lectures; "The Menace of Privilege," Henry George, Jr.; "Speeches of John Wanamaker on Pennsylvania Politics"; "On the Rights of

Free Labor," Bayard; "Child Employing Industries"; "Formation of the Union" (U.S.A.), 1750–1829, Albert Bushnell Hart; "History of our Country," Abby Sage Richardson; "Letters and Addresses of Hugh McCullock," 1861–90; "The Control of the Tropics," Kidd; "Municipal Government in Continental Europe," A. Shaw; "Letters of a Diplomat's Wife," M. K. Waddington; "Letters from Port Royal," Elizabeth Ware Pearson; "Lord George Bentinck," Disraeli; "Biography and Letters of Princess Alice"; "Norse Mythology," Anderson; "The Individual," Shaler; "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Drummond; "Hours of Thought on Sacred Things," Martineau; "Living Words," Chapin; "The Greatest Thing in the World," Drummond; "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," Manning; "God in his World," An Interpretation; "When the King came," Hodges; "Prayers," Robert Louis Stevenson; "Sermons preached in Clifton College Chapel," Rev. J. M. Wilson; "First Lessons on the Bible," E. H. Hall; "Lessons on the Acts," W. W. Fenn; "Harmony of the Gospels"; Griesbach's "New Testament"; Mason on "Self-knowledge"; "Essentials and Non-essentials in Religion," James Freeman Clarke; "The Jubilee Singers of Fisk University"; "Dictionary of Musical Terms," Niecks; "Music Study," Amy Fay; "Natural Music Primer"; "How to listen to Music," Krehbiel; "Life of Chopin," F. Liszt; "History of Harvard University"; "History of Brattle Street Church, Boston"; "Report of Bureau of Animal Industry, 1904: Youatt on the Horse"; "The Breeds of Live Stock"; "Our Noblest Friend the Horse," Ware; Year Book, Department of Agriculture, 1904; Report, Secretary of Agriculture, 1884 and 1892; Field's "Pear Culture"; "Life under Glass," Shove; "Home Cook Book"; "Uncooked Foods and How to Use Them," Christian; "Book of Patience," Cards for a Single Player; Report of the Metropolitan Park Commission, 1901 and 1905; "Quiet Hours"; "Songs of the Free"; "Fly Leaves," C. S. C.; "Vision of Sir Launfal," Lowell; "Grass of Parnassus," Andrew Lang; "The Old Garden," Margaret Deland; "Poems of the Old Days and the New," Jean Ingelow; "The Singing Shepherd," Annie Fields; "From King to King," Dickinson; Mrs. Sigourney's "Poems"; Coleridge's "Poems."

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.: "Walker's Handbook of Drawing"; "Luca della Robbia" (illustrated); "Stories of Symphonic Music"; "Stones of Venice," Ruskin; "Handbook of First Aid to the Sick"; "Seekers in Sicily"; "Selections from the Spectator"; "Tales of Ancient Greece"; "Essays in Criticism" (Arnold); "Nathan the Wise," Lessing; "Later Lyrics," Aldrich; "Thoughts from Marcus Aurelius"; "Molly Make-believe," "Kidnapped," Stevenson; "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush."

For Young People.

"Young Folks' History of Greece"; "Peasant and Prince," Harriet Martineau; "Girl Neighbors"; "Clovernook Children," "Seven Little Sisters," Andrews; "Around the World"; "Little Folks in Feathers and Furs"; "Primer of Work and Play"; "Little Colonel Stories"; "Nursery Tales."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Miss Mattie E. Sale, Ronda, R. F. D. 2, Wilkes County, North Carolina, will be glad to get recitations, declamations, charades, dialogues, plays, pantomimes, etc., that they have used this year and thrown aside. She can use them later to advantage. She is especially anxious for the pantomime "My Faith looks up to Thee." She will also appreciate pictures for school-room decoration.

2. Mrs. E. C. Anderson, Monksville, North Carolina, asks for "Paradise Regained" and "Memoirs of Alice and Phœbe Cary."

3. Mrs. P. B. Smith, Swansboro, North Carolina, living twenty miles from a library, will appreciate books and magazines.

4. I have received the *Cheerful Letter* since December, 1910. I wish to thank the one who sends it to me, as I am alone and very lonely. Mrs. Mary C. Ramsdell, Pittsfield, Maine.

5. Miss Etta Sharpe, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, will be grateful for "What Katy Did at School," "David Alden's Daughter," or any good book.

6. Claudia Triplett, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, will be glad to receive "Beulah."

7. Mrs. Eugenia Palmer, La Rue, Texas, would like books and magazines.

8. Mrs. S. E. Rogers, Sandidges, Virginia, R. F. D. 2, asks for "Donovan," "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or a current magazine.

9. Mrs. Nellie Sizer, Rhoadesville, Virginia, will be grateful for "Little Men" and "Little Women."

10. Mrs. Walter Joyce, Critz, Virginia, will be glad of reading and letters.

11. Reading is very much wanted by Mrs. Julia Goodman, Polkton, North Carolina.

12. Mrs. F. E. Smith and her daughter Emma, Spencer, Virginia, R.F.D. 1, will appreciate letters and good reading.

13. Mrs. Lucy Greer, Yadkin Valley, North Carolina, asks for books and magazines for herself, nephew, and two nieces, all fond of reading.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

TEASING.

(Continued from last number.)

On Monday afternoon Dolores was sitting at the end of the long garden walk, upon a green garden-bench, with a crocodile's head and tail roughly carved. The shouts of the others were audible in the distance beyond the belt of trees. Harry and Gillian were playing with the rest, and she had been invited to join, but she had made answer that she hated romping, and, on being assured that no romping was necessary, she replied that she only wanted to read in peace. She had refused the "Thorn Fortress," which she was told would explain the game, and had hunted out "Clare; or, No Home," to compare her lot with that of the homeless one.

She did not hear or notice the whisperings in the laurels behind her.

"Do you see that sulky old Croat, smoking his pipe under the tree?"

"No, he is a Black Brunswicker."

"Nonsense, Willie; the Black Brunswickers weren't till Bonaparte's time."

"I don't care, he is anything black and nasty; here goes!"

"Oh, stop; don't shoot. I believe he is only a vivandière. Besides, it's treacherous"—

"I tell you he is laying a train to blow up the tower. There!"

An arrow struck the bench beside Dolores, who, more angry than she had ever been in her life, snatched it up, unheeding that it had no point to speak of, rushed headlong in pursuit, while, with a tremendous shout, Valetta and Wilfred flew before her to a waste overgrown place at the end of the kitchen garden.

"We've shot a Croat!"

"No, a Black Brunswicker."

"Oh, ah! They are coming—the enemy! Into the fortress! Bar the Wolf's passage!"

And as Dolores struggled through the bushes she saw the whole family dashing into an outhouse, and the door slammed. She pushed against it, but an unearthly compound of howls, yells, shouts, and bangs replied.

"Gillian! Harry, I say," she cried in great anger: "come out, I want to speak to you."

But her voice was lost in the war-whoops within, and, the louder she knocked, the louder grew the din, till she walked off, swelling with grief and indignation. Mysie, after all her professions of friendship, to use her in this way! And Harry and Gillian who should have kept the others within bounds!

Slowly she crossed the lawn just as Lady Merrifield, the other two aunts, and Fergus all came out from the glass door of the drawing-room.

"There stands Dolly, like a statue of Diana, dart in hand," exclaimed Aunt Adeline.

"Yes," said Dolores, "I wish to know, Aunt Lilias, if Wilfred and Valetta are to call me names and shoot arrows at me?"

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"They came at me while I was sitting quietly reading—there—and shot at me, and called me such horrid names I can't repeat them, and ran away. Then the others, Gillian and Harry and all, would not listen to me, but shut themselves up in an outhouse and shouted at me."

"I think there must be some mistake, Dolores," said her aunt. "Where are they?"

"Out beyond there," said Dolores, pointing in the direction in which Fergus was running.

Lady Merrifield set off with her, and the other two ladies followed more slowly.

"How is this, Wilfred? Have you been shooting arrows at your cousin?"

"Mamma!" cried Valetta, indignantly, "he did not shoot at her; he only pretended, and shot the old crocodile bench. He never meant any more. It was only play."

"Have you not been forbidden to shoot in the direction of any person?"

"Nor I didn't," said Wilfred. "I only shot the crocodile. I never tried to hit her. She is quite big enough to miss."

"And she did look such a nice Croat, mamma," added Valetta. "We were scouts out of the Thorn Fortress, Willie and I, and it was such a jolly dodge to steal upon one of the enemy."

"You should have warned her."

"Then it would not have been a surprise," said Val, seriously.

"Was she not at play with you?"

"No, mamma," said Mysie. "We asked her, and she would not. I say," pausing in consternation, "Dolores, was it you that came and called at the door of the Wolf's passage?"

"Of course. I wanted to show Gillian how Wilfred behaved to me."

"I thought it was Fergus come home to be the enemy."

"Didn't you know her voice?" asked the mother.

"We were all making such a noise ourselves in the dark," said Gillian, "that there was no hearing any one; and Primrose was rather frightened, so that Hal was attending to her. Indeed, Dolores, I am very sorry. If we had guessed that it was you, we would have opened the door at once, and then you would have known that it was all fun and play, and not have troubled mamma about it."

"Wilfred and Valetta knew," said Dolores, rather sullenly.

"Oh! but it was such fun," said Val.

"It was fun that became unkindness on your part," said her mother. "You ought not to have kept it up without warning to her. And what do I hear about names? I hope that was also misunderstanding of the game. What did you call her?"

"Only a Croat," said Valetta, indignantly, "and a Black Brunswicker."

"Was that it, Dolores?"

"Perhaps," she muttered, disconcerted by a laugh from her Aunt Jane.

"I do not know what you took them for," said Lady Merrifield, "but you see some part of this trouble arose from a mistake on your part. Now, Wilfred and Valetta, remember that it is not right to force a person into play against her will. And as to the shooting near, but not at, her, you both know perfectly well that it is forbidden. So give me your bow, Wilfred. I shall keep it for a week, that you may remember obedience."

Wilfred looked sullen, but obeyed. Dolores could not call her aunt unjust, but, as she looked round, she met glances that made her think it prudent to shelter herself among the elders.

— Charlotte M. Yonge, in "Two Sides of the Shield."

NATURAL HISTORY.

NEW ENGLAND WILD FLOWERS.

"Who can paint like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"
—Thomson.

The October atmosphere possesses an indescribable softness, and the sky a rich, full blue peculiar to the season. Asters are now beyond their prime, but still very beautiful as they linger by copse and pathway. From now till the middle of November there are colors in the forest to delight an artist's eye. We do not speak so much of the gorgeous tints of maple, sumac, and birch, as of those shades of umber, of brown, and purple which grow fairer every day.

The asters, we have said, are nearly gone. So are the goldenrods, their loved companions. Still, we find a few of both in thickets or on road-sides. The beautiful, wavy-leafed aster lingers late, and so does the axile-flowered goldenrod, with its pretty yellow flowers in the axiles of the leaves.

Much has been written of the fringed gentian, but not too much. It is one of the few flowers that have their niche in American poetry. Many remain to be enshrined till our natives become as familiar in one sense as is the primrose, the violet, and the daisy in the ballad literature of England. The gentian is ever new and ever beautiful, fresh, cool, delicate, loving, and withal most lovable. It is one of those flowers which seem to possess a soul, a something responsive to our human sympathy. It knows very well how much sadness there is in this life of ours, but its counsel is ever hopeful and cheery. We feel, in looking at it, that better days will come, if not here, at least in some dim-discovered future.

Sometimes a bee will plunge into the corolla, head foremost, maybe intoxicated by the nectar. It is pretty to see the soft, fringed lids close round him.

The ferns, though somewhat past their glory, are very lovely still. The Dicksonias are especially elegant in green and gold. Their tracery is beyond all expression delicate. They often fade out white, when they are exceedingly dream-like and beautiful. Occasionally one will be found half-green and half-yellow,—summer and autumn side by side.

As we stroll by the bank of some rivulet under overarching birches, the sunlight is sifted through the golden leaves. It falls upon us in trembling gleams and shadows. Our eyes follow the narrow pathway winding up the hill and lost in mysterious foliage.

So like is the scene to some Tennysonian word-picture, that we almost expect to see Sir Launcelot or Sir Galahad in silver mail descend the way on horseback. We note the sunlight glance from the armor: we observe the tossing of the knightly plume. The weird excrescences upon the oak-trees, gnarled and grim, seem like goblins which this chivalry is to conquer. It is difficult to believe that there has not been a combat here, for we find the maple leaves bespattered as with blood. The crimsoned foliage is the relic of the conflict.

Again, we imagine an older time and a fairer land, and drift into the hazy realm of mythology. The odor of "life-everlasting" will at once produce a subtle transmigration.

We have seen a picture-book unreal in its wealth of color, yet Nature is more extravagant than any painter. We once witnessed an October pageant in the woods of Northern Vermont, which surpassed the wildest artist's dream. Nature spares no color: she is lavish with the palette. Sometimes neglecting the rest of the picture, she will throw one tree into high relief, and paint it in some gaudy dye. She makes the very water, reflecting the forest, to glow with brilliant colors. Not only are the leaves superb in color, but their shapes are infinite and their texture varied. Beauty and grace of attire are added to the delicacy of hue. The sumacs hang out their leaflets in rows, like the trophy banners in St. George's Chapel. See that hickory clothed in yellow, that beech in richest brown, that ash in olive-green or umber, that cornel in maroon, that chestnut in gold! Every tree has a color of its own, and the air itself seems to imbibe the sum of all, until we feel as if we were breathing color. Let the dwellers in the tropics boast as they may of gorgeous flowers, of palms and ferns, and orchids, we would rather have one hour of our American autumn than "a cycle of Cathay."

As the month advances, Nature throws her beautiful patterns upon the ground. We hesitate to tread upon anything so beautiful, but she does not raise her hand to save them. She knows that her fancy can reproduce what is of necessity destroyed. With the scissors she can use so well she will clip out new leaves for the coming season, and each tree shall resume its favorite outline. Indeed, even now, in the little buds that are packed away so nicely with overlapping scales and waterproof varnish, we can detect the forms of next year's foliage. A charming carpet is spread for us, but its tints are fleeting and its texture delicate. Some of the trees are quite bare, while at their feet still lie their golden summer garments.

Even at this late season there are beautiful colors surviving in the forest. One can gather a whole handful of lingering flowers. The fair fringed gentian continues throughout the month; an occasional goldenrod gleams brightly amidst the low bushes, and a blue aster, like some lost pleiad, twinkles from amidst the fallen leaves. By the river bank are a few blossoms of evening primrose surmounting a long stem of pods. Certain common spring weeds, too, have a second period of flowering. The yarrow particularly rejoices in spreading out its white clusters to the sun, and seems oblivious of coming frosts. The little self-heal may also frequently be found, and the autumn dandelion, true to its name at this season, if at no other, bespangles the green grass. This plant has a peculiar fancy for lingering about old college buildings, as if it were an alumnus revisiting its loved Alma Mater. The may-weed is still in flower, and even an ox-eye daisy may be found. The charming forget-me-not still utters its plaintive entreaty, with a tear-drop in its eye of blue. From earliest spring till the latest days of autumn this pretty flower offers us its azure gems.

A true autumn flower, perhaps the very last, is the witch-hazel, whose singular yellow blossoms attract attention in the woods. It grows along streams, and is a bush of varying size. The flowers have a spider-like appearance, and the fruit which matures next year explodes with the noise of a little pistol, scattering the shining seeds. This is the plant which the gold-diggers and water-seekers used as a divining rod, and which certain credulous persons still believe in. As the plant which dares to stand at the foot of the class, as it were, and blossom last, it is interesting.

The poke-weed, loved of Thoreau, is at this season one of our handsomest plants. Its pendent clusters of purple berries, threaded together by a stem of crimson, are still seen beside the roads. Often the whole stem system of the plant will be ruddy. It is certainly regal in its aspect.

In the last days of the month, and when most of the leaves have fallen, one can still collect from those that remain a beautiful bouquet. Many of the oaks retain their splendid colors, which, like the windows of cathedrals, should be seen when translucent with the declining sunlight. Indeed, in looking at them, the feeling of reverence is inspired, and the "long-drawn aisle" recalled.

The bayberry is still green and fragrant; the laurel's glossy verdure is on hand for Christmas; a belated maple shows us an exquisite silhouette in red and yellow; the aspen shakes in our faces its tantalizing golden dollars; the hickory glows with a promise of future back-logs and nuts; the wrecked sumacs fly their signals of distress; and the huckleberries stud the billowy meadows with islands of ruddy beauty. Long after all else is faded, one finds the bright, glossy leaves of the green brier and the claret-colored vines of dewberry.—*William Whitman Bailey.*

THE FRIENDLY STARS.

OCTOBER: CAPELLA.

Capella is a charming star that has the distinction of being situated nearer the North Star than any other of the brightest stars. It is pointed out by a line at the star which marks the bottom of the dipper on the handle side, and running thence about half way between the two pointers for a distance of about fifty degrees, or to the first bright star, which is Capella.

Being so far north, Capella is above the horizon twenty hours out of each twenty-four, so that it can be seen at some time in the night every month in the year. Its first appearance in the skies of the early evening is in August, when it rises about ten o'clock the first half of the month. In October it rises just as the sun is setting. Capella is yellow in color like our sun, and in its life as a star is at about the same stage of existence as our sun. Its distance is so great that its light requires nearly forty years to reach us. The constellation of which Capella forms a part is called Auriga. It is a five-sided figure, somewhat in the shape of a shield. It is supposed to represent a goatherd holding a small she-goat in his arms.—"*The Friendly Stars,*" *Martha Evans Martin.*

(To me the constellation looks just like a pig, with Capella in the ears, the other four stars being in tail, two hoofs, and tip of snout.)

Put forth in truth as mightier than error, prejudice or passion, and be ready to take a place among its martyrs. Feel that truth is not a local, temporary influence, but immutable, everlasting, the same in all worlds, one with God and armed with his omnipotence.—*Channing.*

BIOGRAPHY.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(*Continued from last number.*)

HER MARRIAGE.

At twenty-five Harriet married Prof. Calvin Ellis Stowe. His first wife had been a dear friend of hers. Her death drove Prof. Stowe almost insane with grief. Harriet became his comforter, and in about two years their friendship ripened into love. Prof. Stowe was an excellent and erudite man, but unpractical and poor in this world's goods. Harriet was forced to write, to eke out their scanty income.

BEGINS TO WRITE.

She had always been fond of composition. In childhood she had studied under a teacher who had remarkable success in stirring his pupils to zealous interest in this branch, and at a school exhibition, when a number of essays were read in public, she had seen her father brighten up during the reading of hers, and had heard him ask the teacher afterwards who the author was. "Your daughter, sir!" was the reply. She said in later years that this was the proudest moment of her life. Her first book was a small elementary geography, published in 1833. Bishop Purcell thanked her for "the unprejudiced manner" in which she had handled the Catholic question in it,—and, considering the intensity of her father's views against Catholicism, it showed a spirit of tolerance and fairness in his daughter. She won a prize of $50 offered by the *Western Magazine* for a short story and contributed to several magazines.

WRITING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Writing, which before her marriage had been a diversion, afterwards became a necessity. It was done under the most trying circumstances. Miss Catherine Beecher wrote this graphic account of her efforts in stirring her sister up to literary activity under difficulties:—

"During a visit to her [Mrs. Stowe], I had an opportunity one day of witnessing the combined exercise of her literary and domestic genius in a style that to me was amusing.

"'Come, Harriet,' said I, as I found her tending one baby and watching two others just able to walk, 'where is that piece for *The Souvenir* which I promised the editor I would get from you and send him next week? You have only this one day left to finish it, and have it I must.'

"'And how will you get it, sister of mine?'

said Harriet. 'You will have at least to wait till I get house-cleaning over and baby's teeth through.'

"'As to house-cleaning, you can defer it one day longer; and, as to baby's teeth, there is no end to them as I can see. No, to-day that story must be ended. There Frederick has been sitting by Ellen and saying all those pretty things for more than a month now, and she has been turning and blushing till I am sure it is time to go to her relief.

"'Come, it would not take you three hours at the rate you can write to finish the courtship, marriage, catastrophe, *éclaircissement*, and all; and this three hours of your brains will earn enough to pay for all the sewing your fingers could do for a year to come. Two dollars a page, my dear, and you can write a page in fifteen minutes! Come, then, my lady housekeeper, economy is a cardinal virtue: consider the economy of the thing.'

"'But, my dear, here is a baby in my arms, and two little pussies by my side, and there is a great baking down in the kitchen, and there is a green girl for help, besides preparations to be made for house-cleaning next week. It is really out of the question, you see.'

"'I see no such thing. I do not know what genius is given for if it is not to help a woman out of a scrape. Come, set your wits to work and let me have my way, and you shall have all the work done, and finish the story, too.'

"'Well, but kitchen affairs?'

"'We can manage them, too. You know that you can write anywhere and anyhow. Just take your seat at the kitchen table with your writing weapons, and, while you superintend Mina, fill up the odd snatches of time with the labors of your pen.'

"I carried my point. In ten minutes she was seated, a table with flour, rolling-pin, ginger, and lard on one side; a dresser with eggs, pork, and beans and various cooking utensils on the other; near her an oven heating and beside her a dark-skinned nymph waiting for orders.

"'Here, Harriet,' said I, 'you can write on this atlas in your lap: no matter how the writing looks, I will copy it.'

"'Well, well,' she said, with a resigned sort of an amused look. 'Mina, you may do what I told you, while I write a few minutes, till it is time to mould up the bread. Where is the inkstand?'

"'Here it is, on top of the teakettle, close by,' said I.

"At this Mina giggled, and we both laughed to see her merriment at our literary proceedings.

"I began to overhaul the portfolio to find the right sheet. 'Here it is,' said I, 'here is Frederick sitting by Ellen, glancing at her brilliant face, and saying something about "guardian angel," and all that—you remember?'

"'Yes, yes,' she said, falling into a muse as she attempted to recover the thread of story.

"'Ma'am, shall I put the pork on top of the beans?' asked Mina.

"'Come, come,' said Harriet, laughing. 'You see how it is. Mina is a new hand and cannot do anything without me to direct her. We must give up the writing for to-day.'

"'No, no, let us have another trial. You can dictate as easily as you can write. Come, I can set the baby in this clothes-basket and give him some mischief or another to keep him quiet. You shall dictate and I will write. Now, this is the place where you left off: you were describing the scene between Ellen and her lover. The last sentence was, "Borne down by the tide of agony, she leaned her head on her hands, the tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs." What next?'

"'Mina, pour a little milk into this pearl-ash!' said Harriet.

"'Come,' said I. '"The tears streamed through her fingers, and her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs." What next?'

"Harriet paused, and looked musingly out of the window as she turned her mind to her story. 'You may write now,' she said, and she dictated as follows:—

"'Her lover wept with her, nor dared again to touch the point so sacredly guarded. —Mina, roll that crust a little thinner.— "He spoke in soothing tones."

"'Mina, poke the coals in the oven.'

"'Here,' said I, 'let me direct Mina about these matters, and write a while yourself.'

"Harriet took the pen and patiently set herself to work. For a while my culinary knowledge and skill were proof to all Mina's investigating inquiries, and they did not fail till I saw two pages completed.

"'You have done bravely,' said I, as I read over the manuscript. 'Now you must direct Mina a while. Meantime, dictate, and I will write.'

"Never was there a more docile literary lady than my sister. Without a word of objection she followed my request.

"'I am ready to write,' said I. 'The last sentence was, "What is this life to one who has suffered as I have?" What next?'

"'Shall I put in the brown or the white bread first?' asked Mina.

"'The brown first,' said Harriet.

"'"What is this life to one who has suffered as I have?"' said I.

"Harriet brushed the flour off her apron, and sat down for a moment in a muse. Then she dictated as follows:—

"'Under the breaking of my heart I have borne up. I have borne up under all that tries a woman,—but this thought,—O Henry!'

"'Ma'am, shall I put ginger in this pumpkin?' queried Mina.

"'No, you may let that alone just now,' replied Harriet. She then proceeded:—

"'I know my duty to my children. I see the hour must come. You must take them, Henry: they are my last earthly comfort.'

"'Ma'am, what shall I do with these eggshells, and all this truck here?' interrupted Mina.

"'Put them in the pail by you,' answered Harriet.

"'"They are my last earthly comfort,"' said I. 'What next?'

"She continued to dictate:—

"'You must take them away. It may be—perhaps it must be—that I shall soon follow, but the breaking heart of a wife still pleads, "A little longer, a little longer."'

"'How much longer must the gingerbread stay in?' asked Mina.

"'Five minutes,' said Harriet.

"'"A little longer, a little longer,"' I repeated in a dolorous tone, and we burst out into a laugh.

"Thus we went on, cooking, writing, nursing, and laughing, till I finally accomplished my object. The piece was finished and copied, and the next day sent to the editor."

No wonder Mrs. Stowe describes her writing as "rowing against wind and tide!"

After the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe said in a letter to a friend, who asked her how she began to write:—

"During the long years of struggling with poverty and sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my trials, copied and sent little sketches from my pen to a number of liberally-paying annuals. With the first money that I earned in this way I bought a featherbed. For, as I had married into poverty and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books and a great deal of learning, the bed and pillows were thought the most profitable investment.

"After this I thought I had discovered the philosopher's stone. So, when a new carpet or mattress was going to be needed, or when at the close of the year it began to be evident that my family accounts, like poor Dora's, 'wouldn't add up,' then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum, Anna, 'Now, if you will keep the babies and attend to the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape.'

"So I became an author—very modest at first, I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with friends who had thought it best to put my name to the pieces; and, if you see a wood-cut of me, with an immoderately long nose, on the cover of all the United States Almanacs, I wish you to take notice that I have been forced into it, contrary to my natural modesty."—"*Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe," by her son and grandson.*

OHIO MAYOR ORDERS THE BIRDS FED, WATERED, AND SHELTERED.

BELLE CENTRE, OHIO.—In a proclamation issued when a sleet storm broke over this village, Mayor Jackson Williams ordered the citizens to give food, water, and even shelter, to the birds.

"If we do not care for these messengers of heaven, we shall not have them with us in the springtime," the proclamation reads. "Therefore, I urge on each citizen of Belle Centre to feed the birds, give them water, and, where the birds can be induced to enter places of confinement, to give them shelter. I only regret I cannot make this order mandatory."

Bread crumbs were scattered by a policeman and dishes of water were kept from freezing by him.

STOPS BULL-FIGHT IN CUBA.

Firm in her purpose to prevent bull-fighting in Cuba, Mrs. Jeannette Ryder of Havana, leader in humanitarian reform and president of a Band of Mercy of nearly 20,000 members, recently stopped a fight at Alquizar by appearing in person at the ring side and demanding a cessation of the cruelties.

Mrs. Ryder's courage and zeal have already been shown many times. Although her latest action caused a sensation in Havana, it is regarded as characteristic by those who know this intrepid woman.

Mrs. Ryder has faced and overcome many obstacles in her campaign of mercy: often has she made direct appeals to the highest authorities to enforce the laws against cruelty, and in many instances has received only feeble help from the officials. She is now determined to stamp out the demoralizing sport of bull-fighting, even at the peril of her own life.

A LETTER TO CHARLES SUMNER.

"Long a citizen of the South, I have, nevertheless, been a steadfast Republican of the school of Jefferson and of J. Quincy Adams, —a Republican to elevate men to the proper status of freemen, not to degrade them to slavery. While the unthinking and those of violent prejudices call you fanatical, no man properly qualified to judge of men and events can survey your parliamentary history without acknowledging your claim to the highest plane of statesmanship. I reverence Sir James Mackintosh as the brightest example of great men whom the world will not willingly let die. Tried by no other standard than your speeches at the Thirty-seventh Congress alone, you will stand unchallenged by the enlightened judgment of mankind, his co-rival in that fame which makes his name cherished by scholars everywhere, and by all men of good report."—*L. D. Stickney, of Florida.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

ADDITIONS.

1. Add five hundred to a tree of the olive family, and make to break.
2. Add fifty to the preterite of eat, and make coming after the usual or proper time.
3. Add five to a kind of beverage, and make a tract of low land between hills.
4. Add one thousand to the conclusion, and make to repair.
5. Add one hundred to a very small distance or degree, and make an article of furniture.

II.

BURIED CITIES.

1. The prettiest children are not always the best.
2. How can tongue-tied people talk?
3. I told Sara to gather you a bunch of pink roses.
4. We could see the mad rascal running away.
5. I saw the deacon cording the trunk.

—*Selected.*

III.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In chair, but not in table.
In cat, but not in dog.
In ball, but not in tennis.
In law, but not in order.
In horse, but not in pig.
In war, but not in peace.
In evening, but not in night.
In eight, but not in six.
In month, but not in year.
My *whole* is the name of the evening preceding All Saints' Day.

IV.

A SQUARE.

1. A famous Japanese naval officer.
2. To leave out.
3. The main point.
4. A fragrant essential oil.

V.

STOLEN LETTERS.

Famous persons born in October.

Xhxmxx Bxbxnxtxx Mxcxxlxy.

Insert in place of the x's 4 consonants and 9 vowels, and make the name of an English Author.

Xxlxixx Pxxx.

Insert in place of the x's 5 consonants and 3 vowels, and make the name of the founder of Pennsylvania.

Bxnxxmxn Xxsx.

Insert in place of the x's 3 consonants and 4 vowels, and make the name of a noted American Painter.

Answers to puzzles in the September number.

I. HALF SQUARE.—S E D A N
E B O N
D O N
A N
N

II. ACROSTIC.—L A W R E N C E
H A M I L T O N
L A B R A D O R
C O L O R A D O
L E V E R E T T
S H E R I D A N
B U C H A N A N
M O N T E R E Y

III. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.—1. Samuel Adams. 2. James Fenimore Cooper. 3. John Marshall. 4. Francis Parkman. 5. William Starke Rosecrans. 6. Horatio Nelson.

IV. ENIGMA.—Ross Castle will never fall until ships float in the lake of Killarney.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The regular monthly meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held Friday, November 3, at 10.30 A.M. at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The chairman is at the Alliance headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, every Monday and Thursday from 10 to 12 o'clock.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

The Home Study Work of the Cheerful Letter Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Please make checks payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.